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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1907.

## SHOT AND KILLED TWO, WOUNDED TWO IN PAY-DAY CROWD

Infuriated Workman Fired Into the Crowd Lined Up at Car in the Grand Central Station Yards.

PUSHED OUT OF PLACE,  
HE SOUGHT VENGEANCE.

Men Chased Assailant After the Shooting and Gave Him a Terrible Beating—Police Reserves to the Rescue Drive Mob Away.

Four men were shot down to-day by an infuriated Italian as they stood in line waiting to reach the window of the pay car at Vanderbilt avenue and Forty-fifth street, just north of the Grand Central Station and inside of the big inclosure where work is in progress on the new terminal for the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

Edward Jones, a fireman, fell dead as the first shot was fired, and three others in the long pay line dropped as the Italian continued his deadly fusillade.

Rufus Ayers, another fireman in the line, was shot through the back and died in an ambulance on the way to the Flower Hospital.

Anthony Conroy received a bullet in the left shoulder and Edward Brown got one in the body. They were taken to the Flower Hospital, where it is thought they will recover.

Jones lived at No. 45 Willis avenue, the Bronx. Conroy's home is at No. 211 East Forty-eighth street, and that of Ayers at No. 250 Brook avenue, the Bronx.

Worked in Baggage-Room. The Italian who did the shooting was Gabriel Ferrara, of No. 41 East Forty-fifth street. A month ago he was employed in the baggage-room at the Grand Central Station, and pay amounting to \$10 was coming to him. He has been employed in the Street-Cleaning Department recently.

Ferrara had some trouble earlier in the day with John Fogarty, one of the foremen employed in the railroad yard. He drew a knife and threatened to make trouble, but some of the workmen disarmed him. Just at the noon hour the several hundred men were formed in line for the pay car. Ferrara was in the line, and he was pushed into the yard, with Paymaster Porter in charge.

As the men fell in line Ferrara was shoved out by some of those behind him. He pushed his way in once more, only to be shoved out and knocked down by one of the men. Ferrara hurried away to another point in the yard where a crowd of Italians were eating their luncheon. Returning in a few minutes, Ferrara attempted once more to get his place in the pay line.

Drew Gun and Fired.

Just what happened then no one seems to be able to tell. Some of the men in the line informed that Ferrara drew his gun and fired. Ferrara was pushed out and that he immediately drew his gun and opened fire.

With the first shot there was a general rush for cover. The line melted as if by magic and the panic-stricken men sought shelter wherever it was. The smoke began to clear, Ferrara was seen standing, revolver in hand, with his four victims in the snow in front of him. He came on men and well fix the gun, shouted one of the foremen, and that was the signal for a general rush of the several hundred workmen to wreck vengeance on Ferrara. He started on the run to get out of the yard but was not quick enough to save himself.

Every hand that could reach the fleeing Italian fell on him, and before Roundman King and a squad of reserves from the East Fifty-first street station could get to him in answer to a hurry call for help Ferrara had been badly battered. In the mean time a big crowd had gathered just outside the railroad yard, and the police had their hands full to prevent the excited men there from smashing through the fence and attacking the Italian.

The crowd became so threatening that the police were afraid to take him out of the yard. Under a heavy guard he was marched to the railroad Y. M. C. A. Building nearby and taken to a room on the second floor for safety until the angry throng could be dispersed. Later he was locked up in the East Fifty-first street station.

EX-GOV. HIGGINS SHOWS NO BAD CHANGE.

OLEAN, N. Y., Feb. 6.—Dr. Hibbard stated to-day that ex-Gov. Higgins had passed a very comfortable night and that there was no change in his condition.

Sunday World Wants Work

Monday Morning Wonders

# WHITE VOWED TO MURDER THAW WITNESS SWEARS AT GREAT TRIAL TO-DAY

Sensation in Court When It Was Brought Out that the Architect Displayed a Revolver as He Vowed Vengeance.

MARTIN GREEN ON STAND DESCRIBES THE TRAGEDY.

Swore Thaw Was Irrational at Time of Killing

--Delmas Corners Jerome and a Dramatic Scene Follows, but District-Attorney Is Unmoved.

With the announcement this evening by Lawyer Delmas that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw or Mrs. William Thaw will be the first witness to go on the stand to-morrow, the trial of Harry Thaw for the murder of Stanford White was a day of sensations.

The whole aspect of the case against Thaw took a complete change to-day when one of the witnesses of the shooting swore he had heard Stanford White vow to murder Harry Thaw and showed him a revolver as he made the threat.

This testimony was entirely unexpected by the prosecution at this stage of the trial, and Mr. Jerome was not prepared to head it off. Mr. Delmas, the lawyer who is now in charge of Thaw's fight for life, got the sensational allegations on the record and Mr. Jerome battled in vain to shake it.

The witness who was responsible for the news of the threat was Benjamin Bouman, a former doorkeeper at the Madison Square Theatre. When Mr. Delmas got through with him Mr. Jerome attempted to befuddle the witness, but Bouman met him at every point, and the District-Attorney had to give it up. The witness left the stand smiling, while Thaw looked vastly relieved.

DELMAS CORNERS JEROME.

Martin Green, the famous writer of The Evening World staff, was a witness to the shooting of Stanford White. He was called to the stand, and described Thaw as a wild-looking young man on the tragic occasion. In reply to a direct question he said he considered that Thaw was irrational at the time of the shooting.

Thomas McCabe, a friend of the Thaw family, told all about the dinner at the Cafe Martin and the shooting of White, which followed. He said Thaw was irrational then. He told of the note which Mrs. Thaw wrote and passed to Thaw. Following this testimony Mr. Jerome hinted that Delmas had the note. Mr. Delmas dramatically turned toward Mr. Jerome and said: "We are informed you have that note and we now demand that you produce it."

JEROME REFUSES TO BUDGE.

Mr. Jerome sat silent and sullen, his back turned to Mr. Delmas. The demand was repeated, but Mr. Jerome ignored it. The incident closed then, but it created a sensation while it lasted.

Altogether it was a day in which the defense made tremendous gains, and when adjournment was reached the Thaw lawyers congratulated their smiling client.

Mr. Jerome started to-day by beginning an argument in favor of the objections he made yesterday afternoon to the questions which Gleason had asked of his last three witnesses, Benjamin Bouman, A. Lee Thaw and Dr. John Deemar.

Delmas played his leading trump right there. He rose up and withdrew all the questions, thus effectually spiking the prosecutor's guns for the time being at least.

A sunbeam of satisfaction filled up the faces of Thaw's other lawyers at the effectiveness of the stroke. Thaw himself smiled broadly, and nudged A. Russell Peabody in the ribs with a gleeful gesture. For Jerome had been plainly confused, and he was fully half a minute getting back into his stride.

"Now, then," said Mr. Delmas, "we will recall Mr. Bouman."

DELMAS SCORES AGAIN.

Back to the stand came Bouman, who had been shooed off yesterday without a chance to tell his story. He said now, replying to Mr. Delmas, that he was doorkeeper at Madison Square Theatre in 1903. On Christmas Eve of that year, after the performance, he said Stanford White came to him at the stage door.

Here Mr. Jerome interrupted. He said he must object to Mr. Bouman telling any threat White might have made, unless Thaw's lawyers meant to set up a plea of self-defense.

"May I please Your Honor," said Delmas, soothingly, "we clearly stated in our opening that we would avail ourselves of all forms of defense under the laws of this State."

Jerome had hit another snag. He withdrew his objection, and Mr. Bouman continued:

"ABOUT 11.30 O'CLOCK ON CHRISTMAS EVE NIGHT MR. WHITE CAME UP TO ME AT THE STAGE DOOR AND ASKED ME WHERE MISS NESBIT WAS. I SAID SHE HAD GONE AWAY. HE SAID, 'THAT'S A — — — LIE. WHO DID SHE GO WITH?'"

## LATEST NEWS.

LATE NEW ORLEANS RESULTS.

Fourth—Goldproof 11-9, Rusk 7-10 place, Pity.  
Fifth—St. Valentine 5-2, Rickey 2-1 place, Granada.  
Sixth—St. Noel 11-5, Jungle Inn 2-1 place, Bulwark.

AUSTRALIAN HEAVY WEIGHT COMING HERE TO FIGHT

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6.—According to a cablegram received yesterday from Australia, "Bill" Squigres, the champion heavy-weight boxer of Australia, will leave there on the steamer Ventura for this city accompanied by his backers. In the cablegram he challenges all the heavy-weights in America and says he will post his forfeit upon arrival. The Ventura will arrive here about March 12.

CHAMPION MARKSMAN WINS SUIT.

A verdict of \$3,000, with interest, was awarded this afternoon to George S. McAlpin, the champion wing shot of America, in his suit against Major Hugh B. Garden. The action was the result of the formation of the Sanjee Gun Club, the owner of a large shooting preserve in South Carolina and the sale of that club.

SAID, 'SHE WENT WITH MR. THAW.' WHITE SAID, 'OH, THAT PITTSBURGH.' THEN HE SWORE AT ME. HE WAS VERY MAD. HIS FACE WAS BLACK WITH RAGE. I, TO AVOID TROUBLE, TOLD HIM TO GO BACK ON THE STAGE AND LOOK FOR HIMSELF. MISS NESBIT HAD GONE.

"I have known Mr. White for years and I didn't want any trouble with him. So he went and looked."

"Then he came tearing back. 'AS HE PASSED ME HE PULLED A REVOLVER OUT OF HIS RIGHT-HAND OVERCOAT POCKET AND SHOOK IT IN HIS HAND. THEN HE SAID, 'I'LL KILL THAT — — — BEFORE DAY. LIGHT.' AND HE RAN DOWN THE STOOP."

HE WARNED THAW.

"About three days after that I met Thaw on Fifth avenue. He was going one way and I was going the other. I said, 'Mr. Thaw,' like that. He stopped, looking very glum, and said 'What do you want?' I told him what White had said, and he looked at me a minute very hard. Then he said, 'I'm much obliged for the information,' and walked away."

This was Bouman's testimony. It was the more forceful because it was so unexpected. Thaw's face brightened visibly as Bouman went on telling the story of the threat in a matter-of-fact, straightforward way. His lawyers cheered up, straightened their shoulders.

For the first time since this trial commenced an air of confidence began to radiate from the table where they sat with their client. At last the defense had ceased to lag at the knees. It was becoming cohesive and coherent. It was beginning to head for some objective, definite goal. It was no longer a tin wheel chasing its own futile sparks. It was a skyrocket that blazed and cut sizes.

"We are through with the witness," said Delmas, his lips smiling lovingly and dwelling on the final syllables as all silver-tongued orators do, when Bouman had finished his tale. As Mr. Jerome, with a catlike movement arched his back and ran out his figurative claws before striking into the cross-examination, Justice Fitzgerald checked him with a gesture.

Mr. Jerome undertook to belittle the evident effect of Bouman's testimony by showing that the witness was a poor man, who although a skilled worker in tin, had worked at odd jobs, now watching a game at the Polo Grounds in the baseball season, now keeping a theatre door during the winter. Bouman's memory grew faulty regarding the places where he had been and the tasks of work he had done. The man said he had gone to New Haven and worked on a contract in February, 1905. He couldn't fix the exact time of his return to this city.

JEROME BEGINS GRILLING.

"Where did you live when you came back?"  
"On the west side, in Thirty-second street."  
"What was the number?"  
"I can't recall."

"Then where did you go?"  
"I think it was East Twenty-ninth street."  
"What was the number?"  
"I can't say."

"How long did you live there?"  
"Two or three months."  
"How did you live?"  
"By odd jobs."

"What kind of jobs?"  
"All kinds—doorkeeper or machinist's helper sometimes."  
"Can you name some places where you were employed?"  
"Well, I worked at the Madison Square Theatre and at the Garden Theatre."

"Why did you work as a theatre doorkeeper when you knew a good trade?"

"I liked the work around theatres and I got a good many tips. So that altogether I could make as much as I could working as an electrician."

WHEN HE TOLD THE POLICE.

"Who did you first tell of your talk with Mr. White?"  
"I told Serg. John T. Herlihy of the police force."

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw or Mrs. William Thaw to Be Placed on the Stand at the Opening of Court To-Morrow.

DEFENSE GAINED IN THE GENERAL RESULT TO-DAY.

Bouman's Unshaken Testimony, Coupled with Opinions of Witnesses to the Killing of White, Helped

"Who did you tell next?"  
"I told Mr. Thaw himself."  
"When did you tell her?"  
"The day after White talked to me at the stage door. Maybe it was two days."  
"What was the play then running at the Madison Square Theatre?"  
"The Girl from Dixie."  
"Who was the leading man?"  
"Arnold Daly."  
"Who was the leading woman?"  
"Irene Bentley."  
"What was the weather that night when you talked to Mr. White?"  
"I think it was clear. There may have been snow that night."  
"Where were you living then?"  
"At No. 305 East Eighty-second street."  
"Oh, you remember the address now, do you?"  
"I do. You never asked me about that address until now."

O'REILLY REBUKES DETECTIVE.

A big stir was raised in the corridor outside of the trial room shortly after noon, when Daniel O'Reilly, of counsel for the defense, came out and took County Detective Rubenstein to task for interfering with his witness.

"If you attempt to hold up another one of our witnesses and talk to him we shall have you taken before Justice Fitzgerald on charges," said the irate lawyer.

The commotion was due to the fact that Rubenstein had halted a physician in the corridor and began talking to him. The physician happened to be one of the important witnesses for the defense. He had been instructed not to talk to any one about the case and he reported Rubenstein to Mr. Delmas and Mr. O'Reilly as soon as he got inside the courtroom.

Mr. Jerome next caused Witness Bouman to rehearse the full story of the alleged conversation with White. Vainly the District-Attorney tried to trap Bouman. He didn't succeed—not in a single minor detail of his original account was Bouman to be twisted and confused. However, he added a few things:

"MR. THAW HAD COME TO THE STAGE DOOR A FEW MINUTES EARLIER," SAID BOUMAN, WITH A CONVINCING AIR. "HE KNOCKED AND I ANSWERED. HE SENT IN FOR MISS NESBIT AND SHE WENT AWAY WITH HIM. IT WAS A LITTLE WHILE AFTER THAT WHEN MR. WHITE CAME."

"How did you come to tell your story to the lawyer for Mr. Thaw?" asked Jerome, suddenly abandoning his cautious attempt to shake Bouman on the main facts, and switching off on a new siding.

"I wrote them a letter from my home in Brooklyn," answered the well-built, mustached Bouman, readily.

"Have you that letter?" asked Mr. Jerome suddenly turning upon Thaw's counsel.

"Certainly," spoke up Hartridge. "I'll get the letter for you, Judge, just go ahead and I'll produce the letter."

As Jerome, now facing the witness, Hartridge called a clerk and sent him away for Bouman's letter.

THAW ENJOYS IT KEENLY.

Harry Thaw was plainly enjoying the dialogue between the prosecutor and the witness. He bent forward on his elbows, smiling, his big eyes shining like brown glass marbles set in putty. Not a person in the court seemed more keenly alive to the excellent showing that Bouman was making under Jerome's hardest probing.

To Thaw, the contrast between yesterday's fiasco and to-day's business-like, smooth, effective presentation of testimony must have come home with cheering emphasis. Delmas, alert and aggressive, stood guard constantly, running in an objection every time an objection would do any good.

"Did you write to anybody else besides Mr. Hartridge about this testimony?" asked Mr. Jerome.

"Yes," said Bouman. "I wrote to Detective Sergeant Herlihy about it." This ended the cross-examination. Jerome had not been able for all his probing and teasing, to do a whit of damage to Bouman's story. Now Mr. Delmas took Bouman on a new and more direct line.

"You told the District-Attorney you did not work at any trade between the spring of 1898 and the summer of 1899," said little Mr. Delmas sweetly. "Now, pray tell us where you were during that time."

"I WAS A SOLDIER IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN ACTIVE SERVICE," ANSWERED THE WITNESS, CARELESSLY CARESSING THE BROWN BUTTON OF A SPANISH WAR VETERAN WHICH GLEAMED IN HIS COAT LAPEL.

"You were unable to give the addresses where you lived at certain periods of your life—can you lead the learned District-Attorney to those houses should he so require and point them out to him?" continued Delmas. His tone was as direct and unfeeling as Old Bull playing the violin and eating candy at the same time.

"Oh, yes," answered back Bouman. "I can take him there to-day. My memory is big at figures, but not for locations."

Delmas's next question was trivial, but Jerome objected.

A LITTLE ONE FOR JEROME.

"Learned counsel on the other side has yet to learn certain peculiarities of our mode of procedure," said Mr. Jerome.

"I shall strive to learn these and many other peculiarities from the learned District-Attorney," said Mr. Delmas, with a profound bow that almost caused his forehead to sweep the rail.

"What prompted you to tell Mr. Thaw of the threat?" asked Delmas. Jerome objected to the question, and was sustained. His three preceding objections to Delmas's questions had been overruled.

"But was all for Bouman."

The defense then put on the stand William C. Howard, a tall, pale man,